

My attention was early directed to the negotiation, which, on the fourth of March last, I found to be in progress between the United States and Great Britain, on the subject of the Oregon territory. Three several attempts had been previously made to settle the question in dispute between the two countries, by negotiation, upon the principle of compromise; but each had proved unsuccessful. These negotiations took place at London, in the years 1818, 1824, and 1826; the first two under the administration of Mr. Monroe, and the last under that of Mr. Adams. The negotiation of 1818 having failed to accomplish its object, resulted in the convention of 1824, which was superseded by the Convention of 1826. The first article of that convention, it was agreed, that any country that may be claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays, and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within that range, be common to both countries. From the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two Powers; it being

lands, in the humble homes which they have improved by their labor. With this end in view, all variations or unnecessary restrictions imposed upon them by the existing pre-emption laws should be repealed or modified. It is the true policy of the government to afford facilities to its citizens to become the owners of small portions of our vast public domain at low and moderate prices.

The present system of managing the mineral lands of the United States is believed to be radically defective. More than a million of acres of the public lands, supposed to contain lead and other minerals, have been reserved from sale, and numerous leases upon them have been granted to individuals upon a stipulated term. The system of granting leases has proved to be not only unprofitable to the government, but unsatisfactory to the citizens who have gone upon the lands, and must, if continued, lay the foundation of much future difficulty between the government and the lessees.

According to the official records, the amount of rents received by the government for the years 1841, 1842, 1843, and 1844, was \$6,354.74, while the expenses of the system during the same period, including salaries of superintendents, agents, clerks, and incidental expenses, were \$26,111.11—the income being less than one-fourth of the expenses. To this pecuniary loss may be added the injury sustained by the public in consequence of the destruction of timber, and the careless and wasteful manner of working the mines.

The system has given rise to much litigation between the United States and individual citizens, producing irritation and excitement in the mineral region, and involving the government in heavy additional expenditures. It is believed that similar losses and embarrassments will continue to occur, while the present system of leasing these lands remains unchanged. These lands are now under the superintendence of the War Department, with the ordinary duties of which they have no proper or natural connection.

I recommend the repeal of the present system, and that those lands be placed under the superintendence and management of the General Land Office, as other public lands, and be brought into market and sold upon such terms as Congress in their wisdom may prescribe, reserving to the government an equitable per centage of the gross amount of mineral product, and that the pre-emption principle be extended to resident miners and settlers upon them, at the minimum price which may be established by Congress.

I refer you to the accompanying report of the Secretary of War, for information respecting the present situation of the army, and its operations during the past year; the state of our defenses; the condition of the public works; and our relations with the various Indian tribes within our limits or upon our borders.

I invite your attention to the suggestions contained in that report, in relation to those prominent objects of national interest.

When orders were given during the past summer for concentrating a military force on the west front of Texas, our troops were widely dispersed and in small detachments occupying posts remote from each other.

The prompt and expeditious manner in which an army, embracing more than half our peace establishment, was thrown together on an emergency and suddenly, reflects great credit on the officers who were intrusted with the execution of these orders, as well as upon the discipline of the army itself. To be in strength to protect and defend the people and territory of Texas, in the event Mexico should commence hostilities, or invade her territories with a large army, which she threatened, I authorized the General assigned to the command of the army of occupation to make requisitions for additional force from several of the States nearest the Texas frontier, and which could most expeditiously furnish them, if, in his opinion, a larger force than that under his command, and auxiliary aid which, under like circumstances, he was authorized to receive from Texas, should be required. The contingency, upon which the exercise of this authority depended, has not occurred. The circumstances under which two companies of State artillery from the city of New Orleans were sent into Texas, and mustered into the service of the United States, are fully stated in the report of the Secretary of War. I recommend to Congress that provision be made for the payment of these troops, as well as a small number of Texas volunteers, whom the commanding general thought it necessary to receive or muster into our service.

During the last summer the first regiment of dragoons made extensive excursions through the Indian country on our borders, a part of them advancing nearly to the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Co. in the north, and a part as far as the South Pass of the Rocky mountains, and the head waters of the tributary streams of the Colorado of the West. The exhibition of this military force among the Indian tribes in those distant regions, and the councils held with them by the commanders of the expeditions, it is believed, will have a salutary influence in restraining them from hostilities among themselves, and maintaining friendly relations between them and the United States. An interesting account of one of these excursions accompanies the report of the Secretary of War. Under the directions of the War Department, Brevet Captain Fremont, of the corps of topographical engineers, has been employed since 1842 in exploring the country west of the Mississippi, and beyond the Rocky mountains. Two expeditions have already been brought to a close, and the reports of that scientific and enterprising officer have furnished much interesting and valuable information. He is now engaged in the preparation of a report on the subject, under the belief that such modification of the late law may be made, as will yield sufficient revenue without further calls on the Treasury, and with very little change in the present rates of postage.

Proper measures have been taken, in pursuance of the act of the 3d of March last, for the establishment of lines of mail steamers between this and foreign countries. The importance of this service commends itself strongly to favorable consideration.

With the growth of our country, the public business which devolves on the heads of the several Executive Departments has greatly increased. In some respects, the distribution of duties among them seems to be incongruous, and many of these might be transferred from one to another with advantage to the public interests. A more auspicious time for the consideration of this subject by Congress, with a view to system in the organization of the several departments, and a more appropriate division of the public business, will not probably occur. The most important duties of the State Department relate to our foreign affairs. By the great enlargement of the family of nations, the increase of our commerce, and the corresponding extension of our consular system, the business of this department has been greatly increased. In its present organization, many duties of a domestic nature, and consisting of details, are devolved on the Secretary of State, which do not appropriately belong to the foreign department of the government, and may properly be transferred to some other department. One of these grows out of the present state of the Law concerning the Patent Office, which, a few years since, was a subordinate office, but has become a distinct bureau of great importance. With an excellent internal organization, it is still connected with the State Department. In the transaction of its business, questions of much importance to inventors, and to the community, frequently arise, which by existing laws are referred for decision to a board, of which the Secretary of State is a member. These questions are legal, and the connexion which now exists between the State Department and the Patent Office, may, with great propriety and advantage, be transferred to the Attorney General.

In his last annual message to Congress, Mr. Madison invited attention to a proper provision for the Attorney General as an "important improvement in the executive establishment." This recommendation was repeated by some of his successors. The official duties of the Attorney General have been much increased within a few years, and his office has become one of great importance. His duties may be still further increased with advantage

to the public interests. As an executive officer, his residence and constant attention at the seat of government are required. Legal questions involving important principles, and large amounts of public money, are constantly referred to him by the President from the various departments for his examination and decision. The public business under his official management before the judiciary has been so augmented by the extension of our territory, and the acts of Congress authorizing suits against the United States for large bodies of valuable public lands, as greatly to increase his labor and responsibilities. I therefore recommend that the Attorney General be placed on the same footing with the heads of the other executive departments, with such subordinate officers, provided by law for his department, as may be required to discharge the additional duties which have been or may be devolved upon him.

Congress possesses the power of exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia; and I commend the interests of its inhabitants to your favorable consideration. The people of this District have no legislative body of their own, and must confide their local, as well as their general interests, to representatives in whose election they have no voice, and over whose official conduct they have no control. Each member of the National Legislature should consider himself as their immediate representative, and should be the more ready to give attention to their interests and wants, because he is not responsible to them. I recommend that a liberal and generous spirit may characterize your measures in relation to them. I shall be ever disposed to show a proper regard for their wishes; and, within constitutional limits, shall at all times cheerfully cooperate with you for the advancement of their welfare.

I trust it may not be deemed too presumptuous to occasion for me to dwell for a moment on the memory of the most eminent citizen of our country, who, during the summer that is gone by, has descended to the tomb. The enjoyment of contemplating, at the advanced age of near fourscore years, the happy condition of his country, cheered the last hours of Andrew Jackson, who departed this life in the tranquil hope of a blessed immortality.

His death was happy, as his life had been eminently useful. He had an unflinching confidence in the virtue and capacity of the people, and in the permanence of that free government which he had largely contributed to establish and defend. His great deeds had secured to him the affections of his fellow-citizens, and it was his happiness to witness the growth and glory of his country which he loved so well. He departed amidst the benedictions of millions of freemen.

The nation paid its tribute to his memory at his tomb. Coming generations will learn from his example the love of country and the rights of man.

In his language on a similar occasion to the present, "I now commend you, fellow-citizens, to the guidance of Almighty God, with a full reliance on His merciful Providence for the maintenance of our free institutions; and with an earnest supplication, that whatever errors it may be my lot to commit in discharging the arduous duties which have devolved on me, will find a remedy in the harmony and wisdom of your councils." JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, Dec. 2, 1845.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1845.

A Voice from Franklin.

[For the Farmer.]

TO HON. E. HOLMES, EDITOR: Dear Sir—I notice in your address, delivered before the Franklin County Agricultural Society, published in the Farmer of the 6th of Nov. inst., an allusion to the fact that a petition asking a repeal of the statute granting a certain sum of money to agricultural societies, was presented to the Legislature last winter "by a member from this county, and instead of being referred to the committee on agriculture, the proper and legitimate committee, it was sent to the committee on retrenchment."

Now, if I do not wish to deny the fact that I presented such a petition, nor complain of you for alluding to that fact. I am perfectly willing that every public act of mine should be investigated and subjected to the strictest scrutiny if done fairly and honestly; but when those acts are alluded to in a public address, in presence of thousands of my fellow-citizens, and published in a newspaper, in a manifest spirit of malignity, accompanied by incorrect statements, calculated to deceive and mislead the public mind, I feel called upon, in self-defense, to call the attention of the public, through the same medium, as far as practicable, to the facts in the case. (1.)

That petition was handed to me by a friend of the object, a very respectable farmer of Franklin County, who is strongly opposed to all unnecessary expenditures of public money, as well in county and town, as in State matters, with a particular request that it should be referred to the committee on retrenchment, saying (if I rightly recollect his expression) "you may as well burn it as to refer it to the committee on agriculture."

I presented the petition and moved its reference to the committee, agreeably to his request; which motion prevailed without opposition. This was all the active part I took in relation to the petition: I did not use any influence before the committee, and was not asked to do it. I think, however, that I voted against the passage of the bill and in favor of its reference to the next Legislature, that the wishes of the people in relation to it might be ascertained: and I hope every member of the next Legislature will satisfy himself upon that point, that he will be able to act accordingly. (2.)

I was not present to hear your address, but I am credibly informed by some who were present, that you made some remarks calculated to describe the particular location of the member, so that no one could mistake the person, which you have omitted in your printed copy. This withholding any personal allusions I think you and all others will allow is unfair, if not towards me towards the other members of the county. (3.)

You then go on to state that the committee on agriculture was "the proper and legitimate one." Now, as the retrenchment committee was appointed for the sole purpose of inquiring into all the various expenditures of the State, and reporting bills for the reduction or discontinuance of any which they considered too high or unnecessary, and as the object of that petition was retrenchment, a discontinuance of an expense which the petitioners considered unnecessary and useless, this in my opinion was the more proper and legitimate committee to consider the subject, notwithstanding it might have a bearing upon agriculture.

You then, after large professions of friendship and sincerity, ask me to say if I have "the heart to vote away a law which helps sustain the society? And that, too, upon the score of retrenchment, when the saving to the individuals of the State, provided every county should draw the utmost cent allowed, would be only half a mill per head."

In answer to the question I will say, that, if I knew that a large majority of my constituents wished the law repealed, I would certainly vote for its repeal, if the saving were but half a mill per head. But what is the fact? If I figure correctly, half a mill to each individual in the State, the number of inhabitants being by the last census 501,796, amounts to only 250 dollars 89 cents 5 mills; and if I understand the law, it allows the agricultural societies of each county to draw 300 dollars from the State, amounting in the thirteen counties to 3,900 dollars, which is nearly eight mills to each individual in the State, and more than fifteen times the amount you state it to be in your address. (4.)

As to your professions of friendship and sincerity, I will leave them for those who have heard or read your address to judge of what they are worth. (5.) Also, when an Honorable Senator says to a denunciate in a public manner the House of Representatives of a State as a set of unprincipled office seekers, or party political aspirants, re-

gardless of the interests of the people, merely because they will not go with him in voting away the people's money, and likewise either intentionally or carelessly with the means at hand of ascertaining the fact, to make an incorrect statement to stigmatize the honest acts of individuals, to judge whether "from these few facts" they may not "learn a little what is their duty at the ballot box." (6.) Yours, &c., ISAAC TYLER.

Weld, Nov. 19th, 1845.

(1.) Our correspondent evidently writes under an excitement which obscures his usual good sense and good nature, or he would not accuse us of being possessed with a "spirit of malignity." We suppose that is some "evil spirit," but we solemnly aver that we never made his acquaintance in this matter. If we know our own heart, we feel no hardness against any individual. We suppose that in this "free and enlightened country" a man may speak of the public acts of our rulers in terms expressive of the truth as it appears to him, without, at the same time, bearing any malice or ill will to the individuals who so act.

(2.) We go for the right of petition, and we also go for free discussion. If a man does not like the sentiments or intention of the petition, he has a right to discuss and animadvert upon it. When a petition has been presented and referred, it has become a subject for the public expression. Would our friend seal up the mouth of every man who honestly differs from those who petition, and is really opposed to the sentiments which their prayers contain? Must he put his "hands to his mouth and his mouth in the dust," lest by speaking of this thing to some thousands who are vitally interested in the measure proposed, he should distrust the equanimity of those who have done it, and be called malignant? Your sober second thought, friend Tyler, will induce you to answer, No. We never doubted the respectability of those who petitioned. We were possessed of some facts in regard to the first commencement of this law and of its continuance, which were not generally known, and we deemed it a duty for the people to know some of them. How it has been continually assailed, and how near it now is to being destroyed. We did suppose that our correspondent was opposed to it also, but are happy to find that he is not, and we certainly would not be slow in making the "amende honorable" when we find out our mistake. We were led into the error by confounding the names of two individuals. In 1844 a Mr. Tyler petitioned for sundry retrenchments, but on looking over the journal of the House we find it is a Mr. D. Tyler and not Isaac. We would, therefore, transfer our remarks in regard to his voting, to those who honestly, no doubt, but, as we think, with mistaken views, would repeal the law.

We were surprised to find more enthusiasm, more agricultural spirit in Franklin than is to be found in any other county in the State, supposing, from the fact that from this county came last winter petitions to destroy the law which fosters that spirit, that there could be little spirit of the kind there.

(3.) That portion of our address was extemporaneous, and we have now forgotten the precise words or terms made use of. A friend at our elbow says that we stated the person "lived over the hills," at the same time pointing to the west. Any one, standing on Farmington hill, and stating that a certain individual lived over the hills, wouldn't be considered as giving a very definite description of his whereabouts. There's "a great country" beyond the hills, friend Tyler, and if the above description of location is true, maybe somebody else will be scolding at us for mentioning him.

(4.) In regard to this, if we come down to exact figures they prove both of us wrong. Putting the expenditure upon the per capita system, it will be proper to take the present number of inhabitants, which, according to the ratio of increase heretofore, cannot be less than 564,516. The amount which all the counties could draw would be \$900 dollars, which, divided by the population, would be six mills and a large fraction of another mill over. But suppose you divide it by the amount of money actually paid out, which, you will see by the Treasurer's report, was, last year, \$1805.20; this, divided by the population, if we mistake not, would be three mills and a small fraction over.

But the money is raised in reality by tax on property: how much of each dollar does it take? The last valuation of the State is \$67,219,356; the \$3900 which the counties might take would draw a little more than the fee-hundredth of a mill, or not quite a six-hundredth; while the amount actually drawn for last year (the returns not being made for this year) is a fraction over the two-hundredth part of a mill.

(5.) We are willing they should. We assure you they are not counterfeits, and if they pass for what they are worth, we are satisfied.

(6.) We have not and do not accuse all the representatives of being office seekers. But we do publicly, fearlessly and boldly state, that too many, far too many of them are, and we say it, too, with a full knowledge of the fact. We make the statement more in sorrow than in anger, more in grief than malignancy. If we were not precluded by the neutrality of our columns, we could tell you some truths, and bring forward documents to prove what we say, that would reflect no honor upon any party. It is not confined to any particular sect or party. Who does not know that office seeking is the great political sin of the age? Who does not know that it is the root of bitterness that causes all the strife and mischief and excitement among our lawgivers? We should like also to tell some truths about retrenchment, were it not for breaking our rules of neutrality. Indeed, as it is, we will say, that what has yet been done by any party has not been what the people desire. The people do not wish the patronage to schools or to agriculture taken away. If it could be put to them "square," they would say so. They wish a graduation of payment to officers according to the labor and responsibility of their station. But neither party, and they have all been in power, ever brought forward a bold and regular system of retrenchment throughout. There has been a nibbling off here and a nibbling off there, but the main system of expenditures, the great salaries, continue.

In conclusion, we would say to friend Tyler, "let there be no strife between me and thee." If we have wronged thee, it will give us pleasure to make amends. The whole business was some of our seeking. We reluctantly consented to give the address at Farmington, and have done it. If there is aught in it wrong in sentiment or in fact, away with it. We shall be the first to "repudiate" it when convinced of its non-conformity to truth. If any one thinks agriculture, or agricultural societies, or money paid to sustain them, is wrong, let him come forward and give his reasons. The columns of the Farmer are open to him, and also to the man who believes the opposite. You shall all have "a clear field and fair play." [Editor.]

Q3-THAT TURKEY. There is, once in a while, a bright spot in the life of a sinner; and when that happens it seems cheering in proportion to the amount of the kicks and the cuffs and the dry picking he has to grapple with in the course of his pilgrimage thro' this hazy "vale of tears." For that Turkey which appeared to the Editor last Thanksgiving, not like a shadowy ghost, tickling his eyes and tantalizing his appetite with "a vain show," but in plump and joyful reality, full of fat and gravy, greasing our dumplings and larding our lean ribs till they began to bulge out like an alderman's, we thank, right heartily, the friends who were so full of the "mild of human kindness" as to send it; and more especially Moses, for bringing it. May you all live a thousand years, and have a plenty of such turkeys to feed upon. We think in that case there will be no danger of your shadows being any less.

Q3-We learn that a destructive fire occurred at Kendall's Mills, Fairfield, on Tuesday night. Particulars not known.

Q3-The steamship Cambris, arrived at Boston, on Friday evening last. No room for foreign news this week.

From Washington.

[Correspondence of the Farmer.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, '45.

MY DEAR EZEKIEL:—Here we are, in the midst of the assembled wisdom of these United States; and here we intend to tarry for a while, "a looker-on in Venice," and, should luck favor us, a worker on the leaden bullets of intelligence. While we do remain, we will, with your permission, keep the readers of the Farmer informed of the doings and undings of the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. Of course we shall be under the necessity of exercising brevity, and instead of going into the minutiae, jump at the conclusions.

Both Houses of Congress met on Monday at noon. The Senate was called to order by Vice President Dallas, when it appeared that forty-three members were in attendance. Nothing of interest transpired. The credentials of the new members claiming seats, (Messrs. Turney of Tennessee, Chambers of Mississippi, Davis of Massachusetts, Jones of New Hampshire, and Levey and Westcott of Florida,) were presented. The usual resolutions appointing a committee to wait on the President, to supply members with papers, and so forth, were passed, and the Senate then adjourned.

The House was called to order by the Clerk: two hundred and twelve members present. After some preliminary business the House proceeded to elect a Speaker. John W. Davis of Indiana proved the successful candidate, being elected on the first and only ballot. The following is the list: Davis (Dem) 120; Vinton (Whig) of Ohio, 72; Norris (Dem) of N. H. 9; Miller (Native A.) of N. Y. 5; and Messrs. Stewart, Barringer, Chapman and Winthrop (Whigs) received one each. The Maine newspaper candidate came up among the missing. Mr. Davis, on taking the chair speakerial, made a very appropriate speech—short and to the point. After considerable debate, and many motions and amendatory motions, the standing rules and orders of the last session (which do not include the one excluding petitions on the subject of the "peculiar institution,") were adopted for the present, and the House adjourned.

Yesterday (Tuesday) nothing was done, save the reading and hearing read of the President's Message, which was transmitted to both branches. This is a very lengthy document, and will not, we are confident, meet the approbation of pricers. It is not, however, more formidable than could be expected, in these times of Mexican shrapnel, Texas annexation, and Oregon possession. Its length should not prevent any one from giving it a careful perusal.

To-day (Wednesday) but little or nothing of general interest has transpired in either House. In the Senate a resolution was adopted asking information relative to certain claims which have arisen under the Dancing Creek Treaty: also the motion to print 25,000 copies of the message, with the documents accompanying it relative to Oregon. A resolution was offered concerning the construction of a fort on Ship Island, in the Miss. river. In the House the day has been principally consumed in debating the printing question. Mr. Davis made a lengthy speech, and came down upon "Father Ritchie" of the Union with a vengeance, and read a document from the proprietors of the Journal, who offer to do the House printing twenty per cent. less than was paid last year. Mr. Bayley returned the shot at some length, and finally offered an amendment to the motion before the House, that a committee be appointed to examine the matter, and report as to the best mode of getting the public printing executed. Here the previous question was called and sustained. Subsequently Messrs. Ritchie & Heiss, of the Union, were elected printers to the House.

The clique of the city are making extensive calculations on passing a gay, merry winter, as many of the Congressmen are accompanied by their "guide" wives and blooming daughters. A match factory, says rumor, is to be established immediately. As yet we have seen none that approximate within a gun-shot of our Up East, real beauties.

Thine, as ever,
Q3-We are obliged to Typo for his favors. His second epistle is unavoidably crowded out. [Ed.]

Q3-CAUGHT IN THE ACT. On Thursday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a young gentleman of this village, espied a light in the shop of R. & M. Swan, which led him to suspect that all was not right. He immediately went to the Franklin House, raised help, and returned armed and equipped for further action. As they approached the door, the light within disappeared. Going to the back door they discovered that one of the panels had been removed, and then they were confident that some rogue was inside. One of them spoke to the victim, who answered, and desired to come out. They told him to come on. Out came his head, and the next moment they had him in close embrace. He proved to be one James Davis, an Irishman, aged about 22, who, only the Saturday previous, left his song quarters in the county jail, where he had been boarding for three months, "sent free" and washing thrown in. On the arrival of the Messrs. Swan, it was ascertained that "Jamie" had pocketed a good assortment of jewelry, cut emeralds, and a watch or two, all of which, together with a bunch of keys and a plug of tobacco, when he found himself "holed," he threw on to the wood-pile in the back shop. "He was taken before a justice, examined, and, in default of obtaining bondsmen, was sent back to his old quarters for safe keeping. His trial will take place this week, the court being now in session.

Poor Jamie! He's a bad boy, but not a skillful rogue. He's Irish, every inch of him. He said he had no idea of stealing—that he saw two persons crawl into the shop through the hole in the door, and he went in to see what they were up to! When they escaped, or where they went, Jamie couldn't tell. He said, rather than go to jail, he hadn't taken any thing, he would settle for all that was missing! The keys found he said didn't belong him, as he hadn't had any for three years; but when asked in court if they were his, he examined them in order to ascertain if they were stolen, when he didn't intend to steal, and hadn't stolen, any thing; but when asked what the "matter was," as the tears trickled down his face just as he was entering his story above, he said, "a guilty conscience needs no accuser!"

Q3-Some mean piece of animated clay, capable of wielding the pen sufficiently well to play his very witty tricks upon the unsuspecting printer, a few weeks since, sent us per post, from a neighboring town, a marriage notice, which we published. Since then, we have been informed that this was a hoax; that the newly married couple celebrated their nuptials some forty years ago, and have lived together very happily ever since, and have brought up a family of respectable children, some of whom are married. Such an act may appear very witty to those small enough to perpetrate it, but if it be witty, its wit is more than equalled by its meanness. We hope it to hear from him again, and think it likely we shall, as there's a bound on his track. In future we shall publish only those notices accompanied by responsible names. This is the only preventive of imposition left us.

Q3-The President's Message is very lengthy, very, and crowds out our usual variety of matter. Such documents only come once a year. Undoubtedly all our readers wish to read it, therefore we give it entire.

SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are indebted to Child's express, for the particulars of a horrid accident that happened on the Maine Railroad, (the upper road so called) on Saturday afternoon last. While the train was passing through Newmarket, N. H., and was near a crossing, a horse and sleigh appeared in sight, and the engineer gave the usual signal—but did not narrate, the horse rushed on to the track, and the engine passed over the sleigh, carrying destruction and death in its track! The sleigh contained Mr. John Hayden, of Newfield, (Me.) his wife and infant child, and his wife's sister. The mother and child were instantly cut to pieces, the

whole train passing over them! The mangled was terrible! The child's head was severed from its body! The sister was thrown with so much violence against the fence as to break the rails! She was not so much injured but that she could walk with assistance. Mr. Hayden was unhurt. The horse escaped. Mr. H. says the horse was frightened and would not be controlled. The engineer as soon as he saw them, retried his engine, but could not retard it sufficiently to save their lives. The grief of the wretched husband and father, after the accident, was enough to melt the hardest heart. [Eastern Argus.]

Brighton Market Dec. 1.

At Market 630 Beef Cattle, 150 Stores, 3300 Sheep and 820 Swine. Prices.—Beef Cattle.—The prices of last week were sustained. We quote extra \$5.00; first quality \$4.50; second \$4.40; third \$2.75 @ \$3.75. Stores.—Two year old \$7 @ \$14; three year old \$15 @ \$24. Sheep.—Sales of small lots from \$1 to \$2.12. Swine.—Shots to peddle, 3 and 3½ for Sows, and 4 and 4½ for Barrows; old Hogs \$4 and 4c. At retail from \$4 to 6c.

AGRICULTURAL NOTICE.

The Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, on Crops, are respectfully requested to meet at the MAINE FARMER OFFICE, on Saturday, the 27th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., to examine the claims of competitors for premiums and act thereon as they may think proper.

All persons intending to claim premiums on their Crops are reminded that they must make entries for the same to the Secretary of the Society (O. BEAS, Esq., of Readfield) by or before the 13th inst.

MOSES TABER, Per Order, Dec. 8, 1845.

NOTICE.

A Public Meeting will be held at the Baptist Vestry, on Friday Evening, Dec. 12, for the purpose of forming a Sacred Musical Society. All interested are invited to attend. December 9, 1845.

Q3-The last resort—the only remedy for consumption—in its most terrible form—is the Hungarian Balm, discovered by Dr. Hochen of London.

From the N. Y. Herald.—We cannot, after such evidence as has been exhibited by the American agent of this medicine, refuse to admit that the Hungarian Balm does possess a curative power in cases of confirmed pulmonary disease, superior to that of any preparation which has ever come under our notice. Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. E. LADD, and S. S. BROOKS, only agents in Augusta.

Hymnical.

Till Heaven brought his love-dolour'd hour,
There dwell no joy in Eden's rosy bowers!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd!

In this town, Mr. Christopher Erskine to Miss Mary Bowden, both of Pittston.

In Richmond, Dec. 2d, Mr. Silas Colburn to Miss Anna Gault, both of K.

In Mercer, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. S. Thurston, Mr. Jas. W. Coffen, of the firm of Coffen & Blatchford, of this town, to Miss H. Frances Mayhew.

In Winslow, on Sunday evening last, by D. G. Robinson, Esq. James L. Hummer to Miss Elizabeth N. Clifford, both of this town.

In Readfield, on the 4th inst., by Daniel Craig, Esq. William K. Dudley to Miss Sarah W. Whittier.

In Gardiner, Mr. Gideon Bowley to Miss Nancy Nesline.

In Paris, Mr. William H. Porter to Miss Elnora Pratt.

In Gray, Mr. James Colley to Mrs. Olive Stowell.

In Bath, Mr. Johnson Ridout, Jr., to Miss Elizabeth D. Whitmore.

In Eastport, Mr. David Tinker to Miss Sophia Wentworth, both of Campbell.

In Lubec, Mr. J. R. Ford of Eastport, to Miss Mary Hilditch.

In Bath, Mr. D. N. Hill to Miss Sophia Ann Totman, both of Bath.

In Phippsburg, Mr. William H. Gilman to Miss Louisa Chisholm.

In Bristol, Mr. L. P. Lambart, of North Yarmouth, to Miss Mary J. Erskine, of B.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, 26th ult., suddenly, Mrs. Abigail M. Ford, of Boston. She was on her way to visit her friends at Mt. Vernon, and her remains were taken to that place.

In this town, December 3d, suddenly, William Pettigill, aged 40.

In this town, Helen S., daughter of Abner and Eliza A. Woodman, aged 14 years and 9 months.

In this town, Caroline Augusta, daughter of William Wade, aged 18.

In Danversburg, N. Y., on the 7th ult., Col. William A. S. North, only son of the late General William North, formerly of this town.

In Durham, Sally, wife of Francis Harmon, aged 68.

In Mt. Vernon, Samuel Luck, Jr., aged 21.

In Waterboro', Moses Doshon, a Revolutionary pensioner, aged 82.

In Brunswick, John Steneland, aged 88; wife of Major John Stinchfield; James Mariner, 28.

In Calais, Edward B. Taylor, aged 25.

In Thomaston, Mrs. Hannah Keller, aged 56.

In Waterville, Phoebe K., wife of Col. E. H. Scribner, aged 62 years.

In Wells, Benjamin Penny, a soldier of the revolution, aged 88.

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate August, within and for said County, on the first Monday of December, 1845.

BETSEY HORN of Augusta, widow of CHARLES B. HORN, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having applied for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

ORDERED, That the said widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the first Monday of December, instant, at ten of the clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.
A true copy.—Attest: F. DAVIS, Register. 50

STRAY HEIFER.

BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, per, October 2d, a dark red heifer, one or two years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

BENJAMIN STEVENS.
Watthrop, Dec. 8, 1845. 50

Gardiner Flour Mills.

THE "GARDINER MILLS" are now in operation, and the subscriber is ready to supply traders and families with FLOUR at the market price. These Mills having been built with all the latest improvements in machinery, for the express purpose of manufacturing FAMILY FLOUR, and the proprietors having procured a stock of prime KENNESE WHEAT, those who purchase this Flour may depend upon having a superior article. Also, for sale at the Mills, FEED of different qualities, at fair prices. W. M. VAUGHAN.
Nov. 14, 1845. 50

The Muse.

The Fallen Leaves.

BY MRS. MORTON.

We stand amid the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go making on their way.
Right merrily we bustle down,
The autumn winds we woo,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or autumn gold the trees;
With dancing feet we leap along,
Where withered boughs are given,
Nor past nor future checks our song,
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When hope—what wearies at last—
First spreads its eagle wing!
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek,
As blows the winter breeze.
While going towards the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In manhood's haughty prime,
When out of pushing we begin
To love the olden time.
And as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath past,
Since "neath those cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps were first cast."
And old companions, now, perchance,
Estranged, forgot, or dead,
Come round us, as those autumn leaves,
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In our own autumn day,
And tottering on feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way—
We look not back—too long ago,
Hath all we loved been lost,
Nor forward, for the sun's faint beam,
To see our own life's crest.
But on we go—the sun's faint beam,
A feeble warmth imparts,
Childhood without its joys returns,
The present fills our hearts.

The Story Teller.

LAST CRUISE OF THE WASP.

A THRILLING TALE.

BY J. E. DOW ESQ.

The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won.
The quashing billow heaved and fell,
Wild shrieked the midnight gale,
Far, far beneath the moon's cold spell,
Sunk pennon, spar and sail.

[O. W. Holmes.]

It was a lovely evening in midsummer, in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the chops of the English channel, and stood in towards the silent shores of Cornwall. The gentle breeze from the ocean now sighed thro' the neatly fitted rigging of the belligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at the bows gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead. The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken swells before her, and the lingering glow of sunset as it glanced from summit to dark green summit, seemed like the smile of dying day upon the rolling prairies of Illinois.

Her light sails, from sky to water-sail, swelled beautifully to the rising shores of merry England, and the stately ensign of the free steamed gallantly over her quarter deck; her ports were shut in; a silence came to that of a forsaken bark, reigned through her halls of thunder, while a solitary battle lantern gleamed at the cabin door. The tread of the orderly on duty, alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a spectre ship—"some gallant freighted with the dead." Hour after hour lazily rolled away. The land now began to grow more distinct while the haze of morning settled deeper upon the shadowed water.

At four A. M. a bright dash appeared where the shade of the land and the moon-lit billow mingled together, and then one after another the gleaming sails of a ship of war hove in sight.

"Beat to quarters!" thundered the commander of the American vessel, and then as quick as thought the silence of the quiet vessel was broken by the shrill notes of the fife, the tapping of the drum, the tread of armed men, the trilling of ports, the rattling of cannon shot in the racks, and the running out of heavy pieces of ordnance.

The chase now showed English colors, turned swiftly upon her heel, and ran up the private signal of the channel fleet.

"Show them the stars," cried the immortal Blakely. "Forecastle there."

"Aye, aye," replied the master's mate. "Are you all ready with the bow gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Luff quarter master."

"Luff it, sir," said the old salt at the helm. "Stand by forward—Fire!"

The sloop yawned gracefully at the command of the trumpet, and displayed her ensign, which had been hidden by the mountain of canvas that towered before it. A heavy roar followed a volume of fire and woolly smoke from the American vessel's bows, and then a sharp crackling sound from the chase—as though a heavy body had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice of laths, and had passed through it, accompanied by a cry of agony, that echoed fearfully over the still waters, told but too plainly the work of bloody death had commenced.

"They have felt the sting of the Wasp," cried the American captain, as he scanned the chase through the night glass. "Steady your helm, quarter master, this but the opening of the ball."

"Steady so," answered the attentive gunner at the wheel. And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

"And still the sails went on,
A pleasant noise 'till noon,
A noise like a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

the stranger received his former double-shotted salute with interest.

"Haul up the mainsail!" thundered the deck trumpet.

The order had scarcely died away, before the heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main yard. The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the Captain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his harbour coming foul. The English commander now uttered the magic command—"Boarders, away!" and placing himself at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the Americans drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell from the Wasp's mizen rigging while in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck.

At forty-four minutes past three, Capt. Blakely gave the order to board in turn. The American seamen now started en masse, bounded over the hammock nettings of the enemy like a living torrent; and the sharp reports of boarding pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells of the wounded, were master of the foe. As the sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the capstan, the flag of Britain dropped suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer; and ere the spectator could mark the movement, the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an 18 gun sloop of war, and had a complement of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded; while the Wasp had but 5 killed and 22 wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient, where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France. Having made a few prizes, she stood further out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September found herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Armada seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Capt. Blakely now bent to quarters, and dashed in among the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, and while the boarding officer was busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc with her heavy thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the look-out man from his airy height watched with eager eyes the horizon around.

The cry of "Sail O!" now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed along the cleared decks, and the shot received a further supply of the iron messengers of death, while the active powder-boy stood with a spare cartridge in his leather passing box beside his gun. Four sail now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man-of-war, the Wasp ran down to speak her.

At twenty minutes past nine the chase was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death dealing shot into the enemy's bridge-port, and swept his deck fore and aft. The shot was promptly returned by the chase; when Blakely passed under his lee, fearful lest he might escape, the wind blowing high and the Wasp going ten knots. Having reached the right position, the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the true character of the stranger. It was now nine o'clock at night—Darkness rested upon the ocean, save when illumined by the bright flashes of musketry, and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid the din of the swelling waves. Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the return made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men, amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteen. The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessels plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came upon the top of corresponding waves, the practiced gunners fired, and when they rose again discovered the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's fire ceased, and Capt. Blakely, leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—

"Have you surrendered?"

No human voice replied—but a few long eighteen thundered back the emphatic "No."

A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time—

"Have you struck?"

A faint "Aye, aye," now came over the waters, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the wave, the look-out man cried—

"Sail O! close aboard!"

The smoke having blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp. The cutter was therefore run up to the davits, and the crew sent again to the guns.

The Wasp was soon in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sail hove in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to leave his prize.

The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy away from his consorts.

The second stranger continued her chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up towards his consort, whose signals of distress now echoed in melancholy murmurs along the midnight deep.

The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of his name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely, shall muster together at the final judgment, then and then only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amid the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy, and his consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning watch was called, the Avon

gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settling swiftly by the stern, she sank with a gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns at half mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister, firing minute guns in memory of their brave.

Having repaired her damages which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September, fell in with and took the Three Brothers. After scuttling her, she overhauled and took the brig Bacchus. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting place in cold water. As she neared the Western Islands an armed brig hove in sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. The vessel proved to be the Atalanta, of eight guns and nineteen minute men. Midshipman Daniel Gaisenger, now a post-captain in the service, was put on board of her as prize-master, and as the prize slowly darted from the conqueror at the dim hour of evening, the prize-master and his crew were the last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following, the Swedish brig Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was boarded by the Wasp in latitude 15 deg. 35 minutes North, longitude 30 deg. 10 min. West, and two passengers. Lieut. McKnight, and master's mate, Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the Southward under easy sail. At 4 P. M. her topsails dipped in the Southern Ocean; and when the sun set, she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert.

At another time, she was said to have been sunk in a gale off the Spanish shore, after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the wild ocean, alone. At another, blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazines. History being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagination must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic—the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armor, upon their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell's battalion, played with the clouds and fluttered in the breeze. Loud rolled the thunder of heaven, and around the horizon the lightning-like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazines of hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of the dashing waves completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner's bark were no where to be seen. It seemed as though man had left the ocean in its majesty to his God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and the water spout, the lightning and the deep-mouthed thunder gave terrific evidence of the presence of the Creator. But, hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale sepulchral light faintly glares up the deep! And now with the velocity of the wounded whale, a sloop of war with her sails in strips, her spars twisted, splintered and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off from her course—now she borrows her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful hollow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed to her sides seem waiting the hour of near destruction.

The commander at the wheel with his brazen trumpet, is silent. His bright eye flashes like that of the chained eagle, as he scans the face of the deep. A few hours more, and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a faint light gleams from her starboard binnacle and the signal ball tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown from broadside to broadside upon the sliding waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentle billows, and the heavens shower darkness instead of forked fire. A temporary rudder is rigged—a storm staysail is set—the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the jibboom are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are choked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

"Ha, my brave fellows," thundered the commander, "we are safe. Reilly, Tillinghast and Baury, nobly have you stood the test of this war of nature. All hands save ship!"

"All hands," shouted the first Lieutenant.

"Tumble up, tumble up," cried the boat-swain's mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon deck—Those who are lashed, cut their seizing as if by magic. Grasping axes, the officers spring to the tops and work with the undaunted men. The shattered jibomast are replaced, new sails are bent, and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship of war.

But, hark!—from the northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow rears itself from the edge of the horizon! And from the centre of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the anxious leader and his busy crew.

In a moment more, the fierce northern strikes the ship a back—from the top of a giant billow it hurles her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning's fire, and her tattered stars gleaming in the lurid glare, down, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her immortal Blakely and his matchless crew.

One wild wail now rings along the solitary sea; it dies in echoes far away. The wind howls sadly in its fury—the waves leap in their majesty around—the thunder peal answers the roll of the billow, and the dead sleep in their coffin of glory in sweet forgetfulness.

The Way to raise the Cider. We are told that not long since, a man living on Petticoat Hill, in

and who, by the way, is a dear lover of cider—when he can get nothing stronger—got up one morning as dry as dust and no cider! What to do, was a puzzle to him. He stood at his door, cogitating upon his forlorn condition, when, seeing his neighbor's horse quietly feeding in a pasture, at a little distance from his house, a thought struck him! He went into the house, took his gallion jug, went out into the pasture, caught the horse, and led him by the foretop to his neighbor's dwelling. "Hello!" said he to the owner of the horse, as he approached him, "here's your horse!"

"What of it?" "Why nothing," replied the owner, "only I caught him in my hands this morning, and so I thought if you was a mind to fill this jug with cider, I'd call it even!" The jug was filled, and the horse "went to grass again."—(Hampshire Herald.)

STIRLING CASTLE IN SCOTLAND.—Wm. C. Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post, in one of his interesting letters from abroad, thus describes a visit to Stirling Castle, in Scotland:

"We went up through the hie town to the Castle, which is still kept in perfect order, and the ramparts of which crown as grimly over the surrounding country as they did centuries ago. No troops, however, are now stationed here; a few old gunners only remain, and a Major somebody—I forget his name—takes his dinner in the banqueting room, and sleeps in the bed-chamber of the Stuarts. I wish I could communicate the impression which this castle and the surrounding region made upon me, with its vestiges of power and magnificence, and its present silence and desertion.

"The passages to the dungeons in which pined the victims of State, in the very building where the Court held its revels, are open, and the chapel in which princes and princesses were christened and worshipped, and were crowned and wed, is turned into an armory. From its windows we were shown within the enclosure of the castle a green knoll, grazed by cattle, where the disloyal nobles of Scotland were beheaded. Close to the castle is a green enclosure, intersecting with paths, which we were told was the tilting ground, or place of tournaments, and beside it rises a rock, where the ladies of the Court sat to witness the combats, and which is still called the Ladies' Rock. At the foot of the hill, to the right of the castle, stretches what was once the royal park. It is shorn of its trees, part is converted into a racecourse, part into a pasture for cows, and the old wall which marked its limits is falling down.

"Near it you see a cluster of grassy embankments of a curious form—circles and octagons, and parallelograms, which bear the name of King James's Knot, and once formed a part of the royal gardens, where the sovereign used to divert himself with his courtiers. The cows now have the spot to themselves, and have made their own paths and alleys all over it. 'Yonder, to the southwest of the castle,' said a sentinel who stood at the gate, 'you see where a large field has been lately ploughed, and beyond it is another, which looks very green. That green field is the spot where the battle of Bannockburn was fought, and the armies of England were defeated by Bruce.

"I looked, and so fresh and bright was the verdure that it seemed to me as if the earth was still fertilized with the blood of those who fell in that desperate struggle for the crown of Scotland. Not far from this spot was shown us where Wallace was defeated at the battle of Falkirk. This region is now the scene of another and unbloody warfare—the warfare between the free church and the government church. Close to the church of the establishment, at the foot of the rock of Stirling, the soldiers of the free church have erected their place of worship, and the sound of hammers from the unfinished interior could be heard almost up to the castle."

VIEW FROM THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT. The Rev. Dr. Durbin, in his late interesting work just published by the Harpers, entitled "Observations in the East," thus describes the singular and extensive prospect from the Great Pyramid of Cheops:

"But what a sight is that from the top of Cheops!

The world has nothing like it. To the east is the Arabian desert, boundless and desolate, like a sea; while westward stretched that of Libya, without a green spot, far away to the horizon's verge; in the south appears the valley of the Nile, like a thread of green earth lying on an ocean of sand, and the Pyramids of Abousir, Sakhara, and Darfour, towering up in succession to the skies; turning northward, your eye rests upon the widespread Delta in the distance, and nearer, in the northeast, upon the lone obelisk of Heliopolis. Immediately before you rise the precipitous heights of Mount Mokattam, crowned with the citadel of Cairo, under which lies the ancient city, enveloped in a thin vapor, which just suffices to hide the deformities of the place, while a thousand domes and minarets, of graceful proportions, their gilded crescents glittering in the sunbeams, rise up to complete the vision of beauty. I turned from gazing on it to look upon the rocky plain immediately around the pyramid. There, deeply buried in the rock, now covered with sand and rubbish, lie the dead of four thousand years ago. It is, indeed, a vast necropolis. It seemed as though I were among the earliest born of men. From the plains before me had gone forth the elements of science, art, and wisdom, to Greece, to Europe, to America. I felt as a child, born after unnumbered generations, returned to the home of his ancestors, and behold! it was all desolate."

A CHEAT BREAKFAST. A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat, just starting out to Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

"Sure, captain, dear," said he, "an' what 'il ye ax a poor man for travellin' on yer illegant swan on a boat?"

"Only a cent and a half a mile, and found," replied the captain.

"An' is it the vittles ye mane to find, sure?"

"Yes, and if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

"Pat didn't want to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck, and requested that the boat might be stopped."

"What do you want to stop for?" inquired the captain.

"How far have we come, jist?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any farther with him, as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out!

The joke was so good, that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat to be stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again, he should be most happy to carry him.

SAM SLICK ON CRYING. Sam Slick says that "to talk about a person having the power to weep on all occasions, is the height of moonshine. I'd like to see a man undertake to cry, with a pretty girl beside him—pocket full of cash—no corns on his toes—and plenty of ice cream in his ranch. If he can do it at such a time, he had better make a business of it, and go about crying for people at sixpence a cry."

Why is a tree like a well bred gentleman? Because it bows (boughs) before leaving (leafing).

NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS.

JOHNSON LUNT.

HAS JUST RECEIVED, in addition to his former Large Stock, the best, most complete and extensive assortment of DRY GOODS ever brought to this place, consisting of Heavy Milled Goods for Over Coats, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Vestings, &c. &c. of the latest styles.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

Such as Rep. and Cordice Cassimeres, Cashmere de Coes, Warp Alpacaes, Alpacaes, &c. &c., as good an assortment as can be found in the place.

SHAWLS!

Rich Cashmere Thibet, Beecher Dolbi, a large assortment of Heavy Plaid and Nett Shawls, very cheap.

PRINTS! PRINTS!

An extensive assortment, ranging from 64 to 25 cents, some of which are of elegant patterns.

CLOAK GOODS!

A great variety, consisting of Gala Plaids; Robes; Orleans cloth; cloths, scarlet, cherry and dark Navy blue; blue and black Thibet cloths; Heavy Silk Warp Alpacaes; Merinos, and Light Broadcloths, &c.

LINENS.

Domestic Flannel; Red, Yellow, and White, English do., Double Width; Cotton and Wool, and Cotton do.; Scotch and Irish Linens; Striped Sheetings; Tickings; Plaid, Striped and plain Linens; Brown, White, and Colored Linen Table Covers; Worked do.; Gloves; Hosiery; Umbrellas; and all other articles usually found at a Dry Goods Store.

All of the above articles will be sold as cheap as can be purchased in this place, at No. 3, Merchants' Row, Water Street, Augusta.

I. H. MOORE.

Saddle, Harness, & Trunk Maker.

Opposite the Mansion House, State st., Augusta.

KEEPS constantly on hand and for sale, Saddles, Harnesses, Trunks, Collars, Valises, &c. &c. All which will be sold cheap for cash.

Also all kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

December 1st, 1845.

White Lead and Oil.

JUST received a large and fresh supply of White Lead and Linseed Oil, warranted first quality, and will be sold very low by

H. J. SELDEN & CO.

Hallowell, Nov. 1st, 1845.

Cigars.

A LARGE SUPPLY of those extra Round and Flat Regalias, just received by

SELDEN & CO.

Hallowell, Nov. 8, 1845.

New Arrival of Hard Ware.

AT NO. 4, PHENIX BUILDINGS.

H. W. FAIRBANKS is now receiving his Fall Importations of Birmingham and Sheffield

Hardware and Saddlery Goods, such as Files and Rasps, Chisels and Gouges, Plane Irons, Braces and Bits, "Grooves & Saws" hand and back Saws, TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, direct from the manufacturers, also plated, brass, japanned and tinware.

SADDLERY GOODS,

Such as terrets, pad hooks, buckles of various patterns, cinch-hooks, halter rings, ornaments, &c. &c. 100 pair Brass Harness, 200 pair Jap'd do., 50 pair Plated do., 1 pair 20 lbs. "Walkers" No. 10, Shoe Thread, &c.; 2 ton "Wm. Greaves & Son's" SPRING STEEL, suitable for Gliding Springs, 14, 16, and 2 inch. The above goods can be had by retail or by wholesale, at the lowest prices, and will be sold at Boston Prices for cash, or short credit. Country Merchants may rely upon the above statement and are invited to call.

Augusta, Sept. 9, 1845.

IMPROVED WATER WHEEL.

THE subscriber having purchased the right of making, using, and vending Howard's Improved Water Wheel, at and from its manufacturing establishment, at short notice, the said wheels in the State of Maine.

The above wheels, being constructed of Cast Iron, are of superior durability. From the manner of their being enclosed they are perfectly guarded, and are not, like other wheels, in any way affected by ice. The power of the wheel is in proportion to its size, and consequently it may be adapted to any amount of power required; it occupies a large amount of friction which so much retards other wheels, and from its peculiar construction, the same amount of power may, under proper management, be obtained from a high and low head of water. In uniform steadiness of motion it surpasses all other wheels now in use, and obviates the inconvenience experienced from back-water.

The subscriber in confidence asserts that wheels put in by him or his agents, will surpass in power by one-third under equal circumstances, any other wheel now in use attached to a perpendicular shaft, and will equal a breast wheel with ten feet head of water. This wheel has been fully tested by use in various places in this State, and with success may be learnt by reference to Messrs. Cox, Ayers & Co., paper manufacturers, Yassabrook; Caleb Knap, Jr., Bostonwick, agent cotton manufacturing co.; David Nye, Hallowell; G. W. Chamberlain, Esq., Carmel; Messrs. Chase & Hill, Skowhegan; and William Bridge, Esq., Augusta.

All persons interested are invited to call and examine the operation of the above water wheel, and all the places which are designated above. They can easily be inserted in the place of other wheels, at a trifling expense, without material alteration of existing machinery. The subscriber has the sole and exclusive right of making and vending the said wheels in relation to the State of Maine. Agents will also be employed for the sale of wheels in different parts of the State.

I, G. JOHNSON, Esq., at the Augusta Foundry.

Augusta, July 1, 1845.

New Goods and Cheap!

NOW OPENING at the SCYTHE FACTORY STORE, North Wayne, a larger lot and better assortment of DRY GOODS than has ever before been offered in a Country Store of this kind.

Also, W. L. GOODS, CROCKERY and GLASS WARE, &c. &c., all of which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.

100 round HOGS and 500 bushels of Wheat are wanted, for which a fair price will be paid; Also, 5000 bushels Charcoal.

North Wayne, Nov. 4, 1845.

Shawls and Dress Goods.

JUST RECEIVED and now opening, a complete assortment of Shawls and Dress Goods. Ladies in pursuit of the articles will save fifty per cent. by calling on

LANCEY & SHATTUCK,

No. 2, Bridge's Block, Water Street.

Figs, Raisins, and Grapes.

"BOXES" of Raisins; 400 50 Drums do. Figs; 20 dozen Grapes, all of superior quality, for sale low by

J. E. LADD.

Dec. 1, 1845.

THE MAINE TOWNSMAN and Probate Directory.

Second edition; containing one hundred additional pages of Probate and Miscellaneous Forms. For sale by

EDWARD FENNO.

Freedom Notice.

THIS is to certify that I have sold and relinquished to my son, ALBION NUTTING, the remainder of